

The Tragedie.

Then fierie expedition be my wings,
Ioue, Mercurie and Herald for a king.
Come muster men, my counsaile is my shield,
We must be brieft, when traytors braue the field.

Exeunt.

Enter Queene Margaret sola.

Q. Mar. So now prosperitie begins to mellow,
And drop into the rotten mouth of death:
Here in these confines filie haue I lurkt,
To watch the waining of mine aduersaries:
A dire induction am I witnesse too,
And will to France, hoping the consequence
Will proue as bitter, blacke, and tragicall,
Withdraw thee wretched Margaret, who comes here.

Enter the Queene, and the Dutchesse of Yorke.

Qu. Ah my yong Princes, ah my tender babes!
My vnblowne flowers, new appearing sweets,
If yet your gentle soules flie in the aire,
And be not fixt in doome perpetuall,
Houer about me with your aerie wings,
And heare your mothers lamentation.

Qu. Mar. Houer about her, say that right for right
Hath dimd your infant morne, to aged night.

Qu. Wilt thou O God, flie from such gentle lambes,
And throw them in the intrailles of the wolfe:
When didst thou sleepe, when such a deed was done?

Qu. Mar. When holy *Mary*, dide, and my sweet sonne.

Dutch. Blind sight, dead life, poore mortall liuing ghost,
Woes sceane, worlds shame, graues due by life vsurpt,
Rest they vnrest on Englands lawfull earth,
Vnlawfully made drunke with innocents blood.

Qu. O that thou wouldst as well afford a graue,
As thou canst yeeld a melancholy seate,
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here:
O who hath any cause to mourne but I?

Dutch.

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Dut. So many miseries haue
That my woe-wearied tongue
Edward Plantagenet, why art

Q. Mar. If auncient sorrow
Giue mine the benefit of signe
And let my woes frowne on thee
If sorrow can admit societie,
Tell ouer your woes againe by
I had an Edward, till a Richard
I had a Richard, till a Richard
Thou hadst an Edward, till a R
Thou hadst a Richard, till a Ri

Dut. I had a Richard too, and
I had a Rutland too, and thou h

Q. Mar. Thou hadst a Clau
From forth the kennell of thy
A hell-hound that doth hunt
That dogge that had his teeth
To worrie lambes, and lap their
That foule defacer of Gods har
Thy wombe let loose, to chafe
O upright, iust, and true dispos
How do I thanke thee, that thi
Praies on the issue of his moth
And makes her pue-fellow wit

Dut. O, Harries wife, trium
God witnesse with me, I haue w

Q. Mar. Bear with me, I an
And now I cloie me with beho
Thy Edward, he is dead, that st
Thy other Edward dead, to qui
Yong Yorke, he is but boote, b
Match not the high perfection
Thy Ciarence he is dead, that k
And the beholders of this trag
The adulterate Hastings, Riue
Vntimely smothered in their d
Richard yet liues, hels blacke i